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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven
Truths that out-face the burning sun:
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
Time, space, and linked all lands in one!
Dreams! But their swift celestial fingers
Have knit the world with threads of steel,
Till no remotest island lingers
Outside the world's great Commonweal.

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love, and Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power:
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the Spring thro' leaf and spray;
Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
Then—bid this mightier movement stay.

It is the Dawn! The Dawn! The nations
From East to West have heard a cry,—
Through all earth's blood-red generations
By gate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher.
Make straight that highway for our God.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1914 NUMBER 21

Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath,—above with starry lights,
And set thine Altars everywhere
On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream—
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
Of morning to abide,
Upon the secret places of the sea;
And on far islands where the tide
Visits the beauty of the untrodden shore
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee,
In thy great "Out of Doors",—
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer
"God of the Open Air."

God of the Open Air;
These are the gifts I crave of thee,
Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load.
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.
These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of woods and comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,
And after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth;
And best of all along the way friendship and mirth.

So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession; owning them by love;
And when I can no longer roam
Through the green fields, or earthly home,
And whilst I clasp a well-beloved hand
Let me once more have sight
Of the blue sky and the far smiling land,
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breath my body back to nature's care,
My spirit out to thee, God of the Open Air.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Kansas has added six and one-half bushels per acre to its corn yield by developing and furnishing its own seed corn.

P. P. Claxton, the United States Commissioner on Education, predicts the time when every country schoolhouse will have a farm of from twenty to thirty acres with a house for the teacher as Managing Farmer thrown in.

The Farm and Fireside says that the "horse drawn vehicle as a means of getting from place to place is as obsolete as the cradle for the cutting of grain. Under normal conditions the horse and buggy is uneconomical as a day by day waste of a good workman's time." But the reader should note the qualifications. It must be a *good* workman at his *work*. The automobile and motorcycle do not justify the idler, although he may get over a good deal of ground in a day by the help of these machines.

Maeterlink has been converted to the "thinking horses of Elberfield;" that is, he has come to believe Muhammed and Zarrif, the two horses at this place that accomplish mathematical feats in figures and in spelling really do the thing without any conscious dictation on the part of man. If the genuineness of these acts and many other alleged facts by horse and dog turn out to be real processes of mind, conscious or unconscious, how forcible is the suggestion that we dwell on the borderland of mystery and that the world of life is saturated with "thought stuff."

Patriotism is in danger of becoming confused with the Centennials that are crowding upon us this year. The week during September 6 is to be especially celebrated in Baltimore as the anniversary of the birth of "The Star Spangled Banner" in song. A beautiful monument to Francis Scott Key is to be unveiled. This is well. The old song has done good service, but there is still room for poets to discover and glorify the flag that is "gallantly streaming," not amid

"The rocket's red glare and the bombs bursting in air,"

but in defiance to the much more formidable and subtle foes of ignorance, narrowness and meanness.

John Balcom Shaw, in *The Continent* finds four discredited "Generals" that oftentimes brings defeat to the army that battles for right and duty, viz.:"Gen. Custom," "Gen. Sentiment," "Gen. Indifference" and "Gen. Depravity." Or if one objects to the theological character of the last title, he would call it "Gen. Cussedness." He tells us that:

> These four false generals are always bidding for soldiers, and never want for vast armies. Most men, sooner or later, are drawn in under some one of their commands and awake to discover their mistake when it is too late. What is a man to do who finds himself in this predicament?
>
> There is only one thing he can do. Hope as he may, he will never be mustered out, for there is no discharge

under any of these generals. He must desert, withdraw his allegiance and flee the army in which he has enlisted. And, doing that, he must instantly give himself to a higher and truer control and begin to serve under his new commander with full loyalty and obedience.

The Continent notes that the German Reformed and the Dutch Reformed churches in the United States have opened negotiations for a union, although the German Church has just defeated a proposal to unite with the Presbyterians of the United States. The barriers of language and of patriotic traditions are more tangible and logical than the technical barriers of doctrine and ritual, but the difference in speech is obviously a superficial one. The death of non-English speaking churches in America from the growth of and acquaintance with the English language is pathetic when looked at from the standpoint of the feelings of the elders who braved the hardships of a new and strange world, but it is most encouraging from the standpoint of growing intelligence and widening sympathies fostered by the public schools of America. These western states are dotted all over with dead and dying churches that once sang lustily the hymns of the beloved "Old Country," German, Scandinavian, Welsh and What-not, because the children have been growing up in the little red school house at the cross-roads, and they have first learned to use, then to love, the English language, and eventually to lose the language of their devout fathers and mothers. There is here an obvious tangible loss, but there is an immeasurable gain. In proportion as people will acquire a common language will they grow together in faith and practice.

It is a surprise to the superficial economist to find that notwithstanding the revised tariff law, which it was supposed would reduce the encouragement to sheep growers, the price of sheep and wool has gone up and not down. A writer in the *Farm and Fireside* traces all this unjustifiable scarcity of sheep to the over-supply of dogs. Careful inquiry by the department at Washington in some one thousand counties in thirty-six different states shows that the sheep culture might be increased 150 per cent if the dog problem could be solved. This writer concludes that a Federal anti-dog law would greatly promote the culture of sheep. "Of course," he says, "The first man who introduces a National Anti-dog Internal Revenue License law will be starred as the author of the prize piece of freak legislation," but after a while even the writer of humanist articles will understand. This may sound like sheer nonsense or something worse to the sportsman who still believes that hunting with dog and gun is a gentleman's accomplishment, and to the larger number of normal boys and girls of all ages who find such delightful companionship in the dog, but it is one more hint that this earth is destined to become the home of the most competent, and all life from the mosquito to the man with the bayonet that is inimical to life and antagonistic to the dominion of reason and the kingdom of intellectual love must go. Large portions of the earth have already come under the dominion of man. Most of the beasts of prey have been banished. The remainder of the world is for those who will use insect, bird, quadruped or biped in the interest of love and reason.

And still the surprising and revolting defiance of law, destruction of the most sacred treasures of civilization and a perpetual menace to life moves on in England on the part of the women in the interest of what they deem reform and what they call their "rights." It is not difficult to understand the psychology that converts reformers into agitators and agitators into disturbers of the peace and disturbers of the peace into law breakers and vandals. This development among the women of England simply proves their humanity and shows that under like conditions and provocations women, like men, develop ethical blindness and moral turpidity. The surprising thing is that both men and women sufficiently removed from the local excitements and the alleged adequate provocations should fail from causes of gallantry on the part of men and from a sentimental or low estimate of women's responsibilities and accountabilities to organized society on the part of women, to condemn conduct on the part of the women that would instantly and universally be condemned on the part of the men. When the history of this sad and most lamentable lapse into anarchy on the part of some English women is fully written, it will be noted with regret and humility that the great Federation of Women's Clubs, at the biennial meeting in Chicago with its ten thousand delegates, presumably the representatives of the highest culture and finest morality and the noblest religious impulses of the women of America, in their ten days' deliberations adjourned without so far as we know a single clear protest against this enormity. There is here a lack of ethical insight, a confusion of moral perspectives, a sad confession of crudeness in the civilization we boast of that is lamentable. The position of Premier Asquith is the position of law and order when he said: "The government will continue its policy of non-interference with free speech or proper organization of opinion, but the criminal methods of the suffragists have done much to damage and put back the cause of women." Pray what is the use of the ballot if there is no ballot-box to put it into?

What to Do with the Creeds

The Englishmen seem to be more disposed to take the creed problem seriously than the average American clergyman at the present time. Our English brethren seem to be in a state of mind that was more characteristic of the Unitarian clergy of the last generation than the present one. Perhaps the rank and file of the Protestant Church in America have become indifferent to the question of creeds from their well established habit of either ignoring them or of accepting them as a mark of ecclesiastical loyalty rather than intellectual integrity. *The Christian Commonwealth* of London has been publishing a series of interviews and opinions from representative scholars, lay and cleric, concerning the validity and integrity of the creeds. The fourth article in the series in the issue of June 17 discusses the Unitarian position, and Dr. James Drummond, successor to Dr. Martineau as principal of the Manchester College, and Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. A. C. Benson have given their estimate of the situation. Of course Dr. Dummond stands for the intellectual integrity in the presence of the creeds. Concerning the most classic of them all, the Apostles' Creed, he says:

> How soon it will become intolerable to the conscience each man must determine for himself. It must be a terrible ordeal for a man to feel that he is driven from the Church of his fathers by some obsolete or unnecessary formula; but it ought to be remembered that a large part of the spiritual life in England is kept out of the national church by requirements which cannot be honestly accepted. It appears to me that creeds must always be liable to this kind of disability; and, for a time they check the waywardness of speculation, they become sooner or later obstructive of genuine religious progress. Formulae of belief should be, like teachings of science, always open to revision; and thus alone can they conserve the true authority of living thought and knowledge, and adapt themselves to enlarging vision and the ever growing knowledge of facts.

Sir Oliver Lodge, of whom the editor says, "He has probably done more than any man living to shape the educative lay opinion in these matters, declares:

> Such a creed is a form of words, and no form of words can express accurately the precise truth about a thing which it only partially understood, or which is too large for complete comprehension.
>
> * * * * *
>
> It would become archaic even through the ordinary modifications of language, which is largely an affair of habit and custom; but it must still more become so in any subject the knowledge of which is growing and enlarging. So that, for instance, in science a formal creed would be recognized as a strange and hampering mode of protection, akin to the shell of a crustacean, which must be thrown off from time to time, and replaced by one more adapted to the grown organism.
>
> The practical moral of this seems to be: (1) to reduce formal creeds to a minimum; (2) to allow latitude of interpretation, which by individuals can be made explicit from time to time; (3) for everybody to understand that these things are all human and imperfect devices for securing some approach to uniformity; and that it is only in cases where that uniformity is egregiously departed from that the errant members need leave the flock.

Mr. A. C. Benson, the fertile essayist, says:

> My own belief is that the strength of Protestantism depends upon its method of leaving to the conscience of the individual believer how much he is to endorse of the formulas of his Church. It may possibly be a source of strange satisfaction to those who maintain the literal accuracy of the Athanasian Creed to think of other worshippers saying the words publicly in Church, although they do not believe them in their hearts—though it is difficult to see what purpose such a ceremony serves!

This academic and cleric family of Benson reaches from Rome to Rationalism. In a previous contribution a brother of A. C. Benson, Monseigneur R. H. Benson of the Roman Catholic Church, insisted on the strictest literal interpretation of the classic creeds of the church as invariable.

While these questions are still being discussed with a degree of gravity in current newspapers, magazines and at ecclesiastical conferences, the citizens of the busy world of thought and of action tutored first by Darwin, Herbert Spencer and their kindred to believe in a growing universe still unfinished, and next by Emerson, Carlyle and their associates to believe supremely in the spirit as the source and master of all life, and lastly by Tolstoy and Ruskin and their kin to believe that religion is tested by deeds rather than creeds, that the spiritual life is a life of service, ignore all this discussion, saying in their action if not in their diction: "A plague on all your houses! Let us get busy! What are we here for anyhow?" Passwords, grips, memberships and "honor rolls," whether compiled in the interest of earth or of heaven, count but for little. The brotherhood of man is found in the democracy of human weakness, the humility born out of conscious ignorance and the common hunger for the oneness with the divine, and above all the common inspiration of usefulness.

SONG

Oh, give the daisies half a chance,
And they will bloom beneath your feet,
And cheer your every earthward glance,
With upturned faces, fresh and sweet.

Oh, give the birds a friendly look,
And ere the summer days go by
They'll find a chink or window nook,
And rear their young beneath your eye.

Oh, give this dear old world of ours
A smile upon its journey long,
And it will fill your hands with flowers,
And sweeten all your life with song.

—*Ernest Powell.*

According to the estimates of the forest officers, approximately twenty million trout fry of the brook, rainbow and black-spotted varieties will be needed to meet the requirements of all the waters adaptable to the production of trout. Of this great number the bureau of fisheries is prepared to supply something over four and a half million this year, and a gradually decreasing number each successive year for a total of nine, at the end of which time it is expected that the complete restocking will have been accomplished. The estimates are said to cover 273 streams and lakes in the three states.

The Higher Patriotism

There is a lower and there is a higher patriotism. Our dictionaries define the word in general as love of country. But this love of one's country has more than one root. It has many roots, and one's patriotism takes its color and quality in patriotism as it is fed from these different roots. A fruitful source of this higher patriotism is to be found in the story of a nation's achievements. The chapters of noble struggle and heroism; its examples of higher faith and service; the higher reaches of its abiding literature. These weave their lasting spell upon the mind and heart. Other nations have their merits, and the nobler achievements of them all accrue to the enlarging civilization of the world; but to each of us his own stands in nearer relation. His life has been fed more directly at this spring.

As one rises into some realization of this great body of influence streaming upon him from his nation's history, his patriotism takes higher form. He comes to look upon his country as one of the larger units of humanity, and as such it has its place and mission in the world wherein he as a citizen is to bear a worthy part. In other words, he realizes—and the realization may come like a revelation—that nations are something more than a collection of detached individuals; that these individuals are bound by manifold ties in an organic life; that he cannot cut loose from that organic life even if he would, though he may fail in his duties to it; that his simplest rights are secured by it, and that most of that which makes his life the opportunity it is, is derived through this larger organic life.

That was a noble saying of Franklin: "Where Liberty is, there is my country." Equally or more noble was that of the Stoic philosopher and emperor, Marcus Aurelius: "The world is my country and all mankind are my countrymen." Both sayings recognize the broad and broadening truth of our living membership in the great human family; and it is well to bear this always in mind and to make it a bar, both in individual action and national policy, to whatever is false or unjust to any man or people. But these sayings, unqualified, overlook special and natural relationships within the universal. Nations cannot "lose all the skirts of self and merge into the general whole" without ceasing to be nations,—units of world action and influence. Patriotism is not synonymous with philanthropy; it is philanthropy working through a definite agency, and both these great men did what they did for the world,—and it was very much—in and by what they were able to do in their respective nations, and not directly by their universal relations.

So it is, so it must be with us all in our humble or higher sphere. Human life is set in concentric circles of relationship. Our work for the world at large is done through our more immediate service in the home, the community, the state, the nation, which last stands as a larger world-unit. What we each can do and say and be to shape the nation to nobler action and ideal, be it ever so little, tells from her and through her upon the wider world.

As one looks out upon our time he cannot but realize that there is need not of less patriotism than in the past, but patriotism of a higher type. It must be inspired by moral motions. It must take up into itself larger considerations of natural justice and the claims of man as man. It must have for its aim and ideal the making of the national legislation and life the expression to the world of the best thought, the best sentiment of the time. For us as American citizens there is no other patriotism worthy the name, nor can there be. We cannot bind up our patriotism with loyalty to the fortunes of a family ruling by long-inherited sanction. The simple attachment to the soil over our vast and varied domain, with our migratory habits and the increased and increasing means of travel, must for us be an ever lessening factor. Nor can our patriotism draw its strength from the sense of a common racial stock.

"Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,"

sang the then English Laureate in his welcome of the Princess Alexandra, the present Queen Dowager; but that would indeed be a long line that should enumerate the stocks that mingle in our composite population. Ninety millions of people in this still growing Republic must be held together by higher and more ideal bonds.

F. L. Hosmer.

From The Pacific Unitarian, July, 1914.

Fighting for the Flag

During the days when war seemed imminent, scores of thousands of young men in college, shop and farm have eagerly offered to abandon everything and spring to arms. These youths have been valiantly ready to wade through pestilential swamps, to march over burning sands with swollen feet and dripping brow, to toil up rocky steeps through prickly cactus, to ford rivers where bridges have been burned, to drink foul water or go with parched lips and tongue, to be bed-fellows with lizards and be eaten by gnats and mosquitoes; to change their linen once a month; to be torn to bloody shreds upon barbed wire barriers when fighting begins, and perhaps to fill up ditches with their bodies as Japanese soldiers did, to be ground under the feet of those who followed after.

These young men have known that war means all this and more besides; that it means facing an unseen foe with sharpshooters in trees and crags picking off the officers, and perhaps it means amputation of a leg or arm without ever having a chance to see what a Mexican army looks like. These young men have been ready to live this life, not one year or two merely, but many of them stand ready to serve their country until the war is ended, Mexicans subjugated and their younger brothers are sent out to take their places to keep them subjugated.

This devotion to country, this readiness to give life itself for "the honor of the flag" would be very splendid if by the flag they meant the welfare of 90,000,000 people who constitute the nation whose symbol the flag is. A generation of flag salutes and singing the Star Spangled Banner has developed an adoration of our symbol which far exceeds the reverence for any symbol of our religious faith. How many Sophomores would risk their lives to prevent the symbol of their faith from being laughed at by a Mohammedan, or broken by a mob?

Now if this fervor and outburst, of pleas to be allowed to serve one's country, means anything more

than juvenile yearning for adventure and excitement we shall test it in the days that follow fast, should mediation prevent the call to slaughter peons, who are fighting the great capitalists of their country who have taken their old-time garden plots and turned these peasants into serfs upon haciendas of a million acres.

During the period in which about 200 Americans and English have been killed, not be executive order —but incidentally owing to troublous times—about *27,000 persons have been murdered in our own republic.* We stand practically at the bottom of the list among civilized nations in our proportion of murders to the population. Every year we let 600,000 citizens die from preventable causes—by fire, tuberculosis, typhoid, accident, foul milk, occupational diseases and the like. This is about the number lost by both battle and disease in four years of our Civil War!

Has any college student the power to comprehend what these simple statements mean? If so, can he do a larger patriotic service than in enlisting his classmates to turn their exuberance at the thought of fighting for the flag into an equal exuberance in fighting for our country? Let him arouse as much ardor in a young man in stamping out the curse of white salvery here in our midst as he has to hang Villa for his soldiers' insults to some women. Let him be as eager to root out the curses of anarchy in Colorado as to carry a hundredfold more anarchy into Mexico than now exists there in order to punish Huerta and Carranza. Let these young, ardent patriots, who want to blaze a path for the schoolmaster into Mexico, recall that we have 5,000,000 and more illiterates of our own that we cannot look after, and consider whether they would as willingly give a year of their lives to teach English to Lawrence factory workers or the alphabet to Kentucky mountaineers or Alabama negroes.

The only test of patriotism is service of country, not where it would be most noisy and exciting, but where it is most needed. How many of those who are doing target practice in order to "be prepared" have the grit to do the patient, unpaid task which will bring no titles, no medals, or pensions, or poems or statues, but which means sentry duty in every town-council and state legislature in the land, and which challenges every suspicious movement there of our ever-present foes? Now is the time to test how many have the rarest and most needed type of patriotism, and how many have the commonest, spectacular type, which tingles with fine frenzy for war about a symbol which no foreigner but only an American would be able to dishonor.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

It is not only boys' corn clubs that are showing farmers the way to larger crops and larger profits. Last year a group of schoolboys in Cumberland County, Tennessee, formed a potato club. The best yield was 384 bushels to the acre; the next best, 379 bushels; the average for the club, 258 bushels. For the state, the average is only about 80 bushels. All Tennessee now perceives new possibilities in potato-culture.—*Youth's Companion.*

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN BROWN, PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST.

The Diary:

April 8, 1848. John Brown of Springfield, Mass., comes this evening. April 10. Mr. Brown leaves us this morning. He goes in our carriage.

The errand of John Brown to Peterboro concerned the welfare of certain of the colored beneficiaries of Gerrit Smith's land donations, who were settled in Essex County. The situation of the tract to which a number of negro families had gone was remote; it was forest clad, the climate was severe, and life under the conditions thus imposed upon them was so entirely different from anything the settlers had been used to, that Brown, who had visited the locality, had had his sympathies deeply aroused in their behalf. Himself a man of large experience as a pioneer, understanding well the cultivation of the soil and the varieties of crops to which it was adapted, and being besides an expert in the business of breeding and rearing fine cattle and sheep, he saw at a glance that the negro colonists might, if they had wise and kindly direction and co-operation, succeed in making a comfortable and independent livelihood. Lacking wise leadership their success was more problematical.

During the time spent by Brown in Mr. Smith's home on this, his first visit, the situation of the negroes, bond and free, was talked over earnestly, and various plans were canvassed in their behalf. Brown was a younger man by a few years than his host, but his abolitionism was of an earlier date. In fact, his conversion had taken place when he was a mere boy some twelve or thirteen years of age; and had been brought about by witnessing the brutal treatment of a slave boy of near his own age, by his (northern) master. His tender and sympathetic nature was so profoundly stirred by the poor bond lad's helplessness, that he then and there determined to use every effort in his power, when he should grow up, to make the repetition of such scenes impossible. From this determination he had never swerved. And whatever his work or business had been, after reaching manhood, and he had embarked, first and last in many undertakings, the supreme end of his efforts had always been the rescue of the blacks from their bondage.

He now proposed to Mr. Smith to purchase land from him at North Elba, in Essex County, and to go there with his family, after settling up his business in Springfield, make his own home and look after the colored people. Mr. Smith was impressed by the practical character of the measures proposed by his guest, and not a little touched by the unselfishness of his plan. And before he left an agreement was entered into by which Brown was to become owner of a farm at North Elba.

Even previous to this date Brown had considered plans for freeing slaves by a policy of direct action, and by co-operation of colored people in the work for their own race. And he hoped while aiding the settlers at North Elba to earn their living, to fit the

abler and braver among them to enlist with him when the time for action should arrive, in a campaign for the freeing of every slave in the land.

Within a year Brown took his family from their Sringfield home to North Elba and entered upon his life of helpfulness to his humble friends. He stocked his farm with fine cattle and introduced intelligent and scientific methods of farming; and as he hired negro help, his operations were in the nature of a school for his neighbors. The settlers, some of them, were in deep trouble over their lands, at the time Brown came among them; through faults in the surveys, by which they had been led to locate on lands not their own. Brown, who was a practical surveyor, re-surveyed the lands with accuracy, giving his services of course and seeing to it that Gerrit Smith's kind intentions were not defeated. His influence and that of the members of his family, all of whom were of the same mind as himself with regard to doing good, were of utmost value to the inexperienced negroes. And while efforts were being put forth to aid them in economic ways, their moral and intellectual welfare were not less subjects of conscientious consideration. Never was a more religious man than John Brown, nor one of more absolute rectitude. The North Elba community of colored people was remarkable for the excellence of character of its members, showing that the habits of intelligent industry, constantly under their eyes in the cases of their white friends, and the examples of scrupulous honor and integrity had not been thrown away upon them.

John Brown himself had an artist's appreciation of the beauties and sublimities of nature, and loved the picturesque scenes in the midst of which he had settled. Had not other and to his eyes more important concerns, called him away, he might easily have been content to spend the rest of his days in a region which, while unadapted to many kinds of farming, was favorably situated for others, and which was free from the malaria that in his Ohio experience had kept him and members of his family shaking with ague so much of the time. But the cause to which he had devoted himself in his very childhood rendered permanent residence for him anywhere out of the question. And although North Elba continued to be, for the most part, the home of his wife and younger children until his death, and some years later, Brown himself after a few years, was only there at intervals. It had been made a rule of his life many years before the date of removal to North Elba, to manage his business affairs in such way that he could leave home and work, at short notice, should the "call of the Lord" come to him. He was a lover of home and his absences meant sore trials to his strong domestic affection. Writing to his wife from Kansas, in November, 1855, he said: "I think much of your widowed state and I sometimes allow myself to dream a little of enjoying the comforts of home; but I do not dare to dream much."

The acquaintance between Gerrit Smith and John Brown became at once a friendship based upon mutual esteem and confidence, and continued without a ripple of interruption until the latter's tragic death. The two men were unlike in some respects; in their religious beliefs, or rather in the theological bases of their religious beliefs, particularly. Brown, at the time he made his first visit to Peterboro, stood upon much the same theological platform that Gerrit Smith had occupied earlier in his career; his faith a little more sternly Calvinistic, it is true, but Smith had journeyed far from the beliefs of his former years. Brown was less genial than his friend, but he was not at all the morose bigot that he has been so often depicted. Had life been less strenuously devoted to an over-mastering sense of duty than it was, Brown might have developed social qualities of the most attractive nature. As it was, he drew men to himself apparently without effort and fastened them "with hooks of steel." Whatever differences each man may have been conscious of in the other, each accommodated himself to the other's peculiarities easily and naturally. Profound respect is a grand element in friendship, and this was mutual in the case of the two men.

Brown had known about Gerrit Smith long ere he came to know him. Among the Peterboro philanthropist's gifts of land had been 20,000 acres to Oberlin College, to which he was deeply attached because of its brave attitude towards women and negroes. This land lay in the western part of Virginia, and in 1840 Brown made a proposition to the college to survey the tract. This was accepted and he was appointed to the labor at a compensation of a dollar a day. It was while running his lines through those wild and hilly regions that perhaps, the first thought came to him of making some rough, little frequented hill section of the South a rendezvous for escaped slaves; and a base of systematic forays upon plantations for the liberation of slaves. Brown knew, of course, of Gerrit Smith's constant activity as an aider of fugitive slaves, and of his prominence in all ways as an anti-slavery advocate. And however much or little Smith may have known about Brown, he very soon came to know a great deal, and to rely upon him as the strongest and most hopeful of all the agencies looking towards the making an end of slavery. For John Brown, as an anti-slavery advocate, was more than an individual, he was an agency, a force.

Doubtless, in that first interview, the two compared notes regarding the school for colored youth which Gerrit Smith had established and conducted for a number of years in Peterboro, and the school which John Brown had hoped and planned to conduct at Randolph, Pennsylvania, in 1834. Both men understood perfectly well that enlightened minds and skilled hands were essential to the right use of his freedom, when the negro should attain it. It has been said of the abolitionists that they did not understand the blacks, that they regarded the negro as a white man painted a darker shade. This was not true of those of them who were brought into actual contact with members of the enslaved race. It was emphatically not true of either Brown or Smith. They did regard the negro as a fellow man, entitled to all the rights of a man. Both were quite free from that hateful and cruel instinct, race prejudice. But they realized that slavery was the poorest of all schools for the development of intellect, soul and character, and that, specifically, many negroes were lacking lamentably in the higher qualities of manhood. In their personal treatment of negroes, both Smith and Brown adopted the same tone of courtesy and respect that characterized their intercourse with those of their own race. Mrs. Stanton relates an instance showing the consideration given his colored guests by Gerrit Smith. Frederick Douglass,

who often visited the Smiths, was once spending a few days at the mansion, and while he was there some other visitors arrived who never associated with persons of the despised race to which Douglass belonged. They refused to enter the parlors or to sit at the table with Douglass. The result being that the distinguished negro enjoyed the freedom of the house and ate at the table with his hosts, while the haughty white visitors sat on the piazza and had their meals served at a special, but second table. The influence of Gerrit Smith in the Presbyterian Church was strong enough to prevent any social discrimination against negro attendants, so long as he maintained connection with that church, had there been any disposition to make invidious distinctions, and after building the Free Church, its pews were of course open to negroes as to others, and persons of color often spoke from its pulpit. Early in Brown's residence at North Elba, three gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. Richard H. Dana, found their way to the Brown dwelling, after having been lost in the woods. They were taken in and cared for hospitably, and many years afterwards Mr. Dana wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* an account of the experience. He gave a description of John Brown, and mentioned as a matter of some interest the fact that, in introducing two colored persons who worked for him, he made use of their surnames; as "Mr. Dana, Mr. Jefferson, etc." And when he spoke to one or the other of them he uniformly addressed them by their surnames, with the prefixes Mr. or Mrs. Years before this time, while living in Ohio, some negroes who attended the Presbyterian Church, of which Brown was a member, were seated in the least desirable part of the edifice. Observing this, Brown vacated his own pew, invited the negroes to occupy it, and with his family took the places formerly occupied by them. The act led to expostulations by the pastor and some of the elders. The position taken in the matter grieved Brown deeply, and led to his son John's leaving the church. He once said of negroes, "They seem to be so much like *folks* that I really incline to think they are." Brown had the manners of a dignified, high-bred gentleman under all circumstances and in all companies. And it would have been against his nature to permit his attitude towards the people he met to be governed by the hue of their skins.

It will be understood from these incidents connected with the practical and habitual attitude of each of the two men towards colored people, that their points of mutual agreement were many and emphatic. In addition it should be said that John Brown and Gerrit Smith were alike in inborn tenderness of feeling and broad human sympathy. There is no surer indication of kindness of nature than love of children. This love was pronounced in the case of John Brown, and was instinctively recognized by children when in his presence. They were always quick to "make friends" with him.[1]

In his home John Brown maintained a stern, old-fashioned family discipline, and his worship of the Bible led him to take too literally its injunctions as to the use of the rod. But he was animated solely by the desire for his children's welfare. They one and all realized this, and never was father more fondly loved or more deeply respected than he by his children. Few sons and daughters have had their affection, confidence and loyalty tested as the tests were applied in Brown's family. And they never failed him.

He sometimes, in punishing one of his boys, after laying on a certain number of blows with the whip, stripped his own back, transferred the instrument of discipline to the hands of the offender, with the injunction to give him the same number of blows. And he insisted that the blows should be hard and strong: even to the point of bringing the blood.

In later life, ever pondering on the subject of duty and humanity, Brown reached the conclusion that his rigid discipline with his boys had been a mistake. To his daughter Ruth, the wife of Henry Thompson, he confessed as much, advising her to reason with her children and never to whip them. "If I had my life to live over again," he declared, "such should be my course. I meant to do right in punishing my boys; but I was in the wrong."

In cases of sickness in his family, John Brown showed a fairly womanly tenderness. He would keep watch day and night by his wife's sick bed, or that of a child. And he was skilful as well as faithful. The same tender sympathy characterized his associations with his neighbors. While at the Kennedy Farm he lanced the neck of a woman who was afflicted with carbuncle or something of the sort, and who lived on an adjoining farm. At the examination, after his capture, Dr. Biggs said to him: "Who lanced that woman's neck, on the hill?" "I did," answered Brown. "I have sometimes practiced surgery when I thought it a matter of humanity and necessity, and there was no one else to do it; but I have not studied surgery." To which the doctor responded: "It was done very well and scientifically."

Indeed, Brown was no less considerate to an enemy. "I do not make war on slaveholders, even when I fight them," he once declared; "but on slavery." And it was true, as many incidents witnessed. Here is one: A Missourian invader, mortally wounded in one of the fights between the free state and border ruffian forces, was anxious to see Brown. Being told of it, Brown rode up to the wagon in which the wounded man had been laid, and said: "You wish to see me? Here I am. Take a good look at me, and tell your friends when you get back to Missouri what kind of a man you saw." Then, changing his tone, having evidently discovered with his quick eye that the poor fellow would not live to return to Missouri, he said: "We wish no harm to you or your companions. Stay at home; let us alone and we shall be friends. I wish you well." The man looked long and interestedly at Captain Brown, and finally remarked: "I don't see as you are so bad. You don't look or talk like it." He then reached out his hand for Brown to take, and said faintly, "I thank you." Brown clasped the dying man's hand, and with a soft "God bless you," rode away. And it was observed that the keen, flashing eyes were melted to tears.[2]

John Brown was a literalist in his interpretation of

1. Anne F. Miller related to the writer her recollection of being lifted in his arms by John Brown and placed in his lap on the occasion of his last visit to Peterboro. She was then a very young girl only a little over three years old. Children of that age are commonly shy of strangers, yet she said that the little feeling of strangeness that came over her as she sat in his lap with his arm about her, was only because of his heavy beard. This appeared forbidding. "I looked at grandfather, though," said Miss Miller, "and the sight of his beard gave me confidence. Then I was quite content to be held by our visitor."

2. Related by Rev. J. W. Winkley, a Unitarian minister, who was present, and quoted by F. B. Sanborn, "Life of Brown," page 314.

the Bible, but it is to be said that he took the New Testament no less literally than the Old; the Christ law of love and forgiveness quite as completely as the earlier and harsh law of retaliation.

Gerrit Smith was greatly interested in John Brown's life at North Elba and highly appreciative of the many services performed by him to his negro colonists. The more he learned of the man the more highly he regarded him, and in the end, or, indeed, long before the end, he came to entertain for him a deep and fervent affection.

The Unitarian Name

At the recent Boston meetings the happening that seemed to have attracted the most attention of the general public was the consideration in the report of the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, of the subject of the denominational name, with the suggestion of a possible change.

Mr. Wilson's report is good reading. He approaches the subject with an open mind and opens up a question worthy of consideration, and on which no one should make up his mind without reflection and a careful study of the arguments to be presented on both sides—for there surely are two sides.

Obviously the name of anything is of subordinate importance. The thing named comes first, but this may be freely admitted without implying that there is nothing, or even little, in a name. Ordinarily a child accepts the name given him and likes it, or doesn't like it, but makes the best of it. The name our denomination bears was in a particular sense never very fitting or at all adequate. It was born in an age of theological controversy that is pretty completely left behind and has very little meaning today. It implies no issue that is in our estimation vital today. The dictionary definition is an illustraton of how inadequate the bold, literal truth often is. The facts it covers interest no one, and the name, so far as its derivation is concerned, is without significance. Whatever it expresses has been put in to it by the character of the people who have borne it. What they believed about things that were never of very general interest and are now of very little, few know and less care.

It must be admitted that the word Unitarian means little to the bulk of mankind. Those who are pretty well informed know that it was given to those who could not, or would not, believe in a certain abstract doctrine as to the trinity. At the time it was disputed it was considered immensely important, and he who denied it was supposed to imperil his immortal soul. The doubters were, and to a limited extent still are, ostracized and considered off color. Not to be orthodox is still classed as queer and unbalanced, and good to leave alone. But that is not serious. When, however, any body of men and women are distinguished for what they do *not* believe it is dangerous, and if the world cannot be convinced that Unitarians have convictions, and occupy an essentially affirmative position rather than a negative one, there is little hope for the denomination. And if the name stands in the way, or seriously hinders the good we might do, it is well to consider its discard.

So far as we, ourselves, are concerned, it ought to make no difference, and we could find occupation for a life-time in making it honored and filling it with glory. We are held to it by hallowed associations and by fervent loyalty to those who have borne it. We love it for the scars we bear, because we wore it. We feel that the only thing we can be ashamed of is our unfaithfulness to it, and the indifference that would prompt us to say we do not care what we are or what we are called.

Some of our contemporaries show unfamiliarity with facts. The *Portland Oregonian* has high standing for ability and knowledge, but it errs somewhat when it says that the name "suited Channing, Martineau and their compeers well enough." As a matter of fact these two eminent leaders were not satisfied with it. Channing accepted it but never gloried in it, and made it clear that it was secondary to his loyalty to Christianity as he interpreted it. Martineau preferred the name Presbyterian, and his loyalty to the Unitarian denomination, as such, if it existed at all, was feeble.

The *Oregonian* somewhat hastily concludes: "It is folly to pay too much attention to names or their appropriateness, and worse than folly to take the trouble to change them after they are once accepted."

It may be admitted that the presumption is against change, and there are many practical difficulties and considerable positive loss in giving up an established name, even if it is a poor and inadequate one, but the reasons for a change are deserving of careful and impartial consideration and the present time seems propitious for the study.

Names ought to be significant, and if possible should have room for growth. Whatever significance the name we bear originally held has been left behind, and to the vast majority of mankind it is meaningless and requires labored explanation. The natural inference is that it refers to some shade of belief that separates us from other Christians, and the inquirer soon learns that by preponderance of opinion we are not considered by other sects to be in good standing as Christians.

If it were possible to find a name that would properly signify the real place we occupy and the distinctive thing we stand for, it might seem to be worth while to take it, especially if it would encourage those in general sympathy with us not now enrolled in any army of the Lord.

The name should be sufficiently comprehensive to make it possible for other bodies who now are or may become in sympathy with us to co-operate or amalgamate for the added strength it would give. It should signify something more than an inheritance of dissent. It should be significant of a positive, affirmative position in support of some supreme principle. Such a name, while acquainting the world in general with our attitude and distinctive place, might be of value in clarifying our own consciousness. There are Unitarians who seem unable to know what they are, or why.

One of the most profound thinkers of our household of faith was Frederick Henry Hedge, D. D., and he felt the paucity of significance in the name Unitarian. He favored the name Humanitarian.

Words take on new meanings. In the last edition of Webster's Dictionary, Humanitarian is defined as "One actually concerned in promoting the welfare of his kind," and it is added, "This meaning did not become generally recognized until about 1880." Contrast this with the dictionary definition of "Unitarian"—"One who denies the doctrine of the trinity."

Humanity is all-embracing. The upbuilding and uplifting of humanity is the final end and purpose of life. No other object of effort can ever transcend it. Personal salvation tinged with selfishness pales before it. It follows as the sought-for result of every possible effort of human endeavor, and as the end of universal religion. It is inclusive, recognizing the soul as the highest expression of human life, but not ignoring any phase or condition associated in the welfare of the race. It epitomizes the various objects that Unitarians have never been unmindful of, physical well-being, educational advantage, industrial independence, social justice. It would frankly imply that bearers of the name had cut loose from the medieval theory of a lost world and salvation by imputed righteousness, or by ecclesiastical favor. It would necessarily accept Christianity, reasonably interpreted, as the pre-eminent force in human uplift, but not as the exclusive means of escape from condemnation. It would extol righteousness and love as the highest attributes of humanity, and condemn and urge relentless war on every form of evil that blights the human race.

While following practical methods, it would uphold the ideal as the indispensable guide and leader of man's upward progress. Man's highest and final welfare is ever of the spirit, and whatever the name or form, that religion is of greatest worth that most truly nourishes the best that is in him, thus extending on earth the kingdom of God.

It may be found that the probable gain will not seem to equal the probable loss. The name "Humanitarian" in place of "Unitarian," is simply a suggestion to the discussion. For one thing it seems to promise more enlargement and accuracy of significance with less change of form than any other word yet suggested. "The American Humanitarian Association" would simply involve the addition of three letters, and churches would be free, as now, to select distinctive names.

It seems as though there is great need of a church of the common people, a broad inclusive movement dealing with the essentials and appealing for righteousness and higher life for its own sake. Whatever it is called it ought to be Humanitarian, with a direct purpose of spiritualizing the all-conquering democracy. May not this opportunity be open to us? Have we the vision to see it and the consecrated strength of purpose to respond to it?

C. A. Murdoch.

Pacific Unitarian, June, 1914.

SEASONS

Joy ran so swiftly by my side
I did not know the way was long,
Or that the summer turned its tide
To end my song.

Pain moves so close to me today
I touch her form and feel her breath
Blown like a web—I turn away
And there face death.

The fragrant blossom in my hand
Smiles up at me so heavenly sweet—
Dear God, I cannot understand
Why these should meet.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

THE STUDY TABLE

The New Hymn and Tune Book

"The New Hymn and Tune Book," just published by the American Unitarian Association, is the finest collection of services and hymns that we have yet seen. No sooner do we open the volume than we are struck with the exquisite care lavished upon its production. The prefaces are finely finished, the table of contents detailed and comprehensive, and the numerous indexes, especially the biographical index of authors, are masterpieces. The range covered is amazingly large. Almost all our favorites are here and added to them is a wealth of beautiful hymns and tunes we have never seen and a very large number of recent productions. There are hymns for all sorts of special occasions. The Canadian national hymns as well as the American are included. There are hymns for children and young people which make the book usable for Sunday School. There is an elaborate and beautiful collection of chants and choral responses which might well replace the poor anthems so frequently heard in our churches.

The collection of services is especially significant. Not only is it exquisitely beautiful in diction and the rhythm of its sentences, but it is full of the real fire of spiritual longing. These are far and away the best services we have seen for worship in the "Church Universal." So fine are they, so beautiful is the assortment of prayers in which they abound, that they might well be added to our library for the private as well as the public hours of prayer and devotion.

The distinctive aim of this new volume is struck in the preface. Great changes in religious thought have taken place since the publication of its predecessor, "the edition of 1877. A large proportion of the material included in that book has fallen into disuse." Hence, after "a widespread inquiry as to which hymns are actually used" the Editorial Committee has retained only 242 of the hymns in the earlier edition and added 304 which seemed to them more perfect expressions of "the forward looking religious idealism of our time." Most of these additions are stirring and exalting. Very significant are the hymns of social reform and social progress. It is to be hoped that the social reformers who unite into one dynamic unity the spiritual vision and the social conscience will more and more incarnate their love for God and man into social service hymns. When we survey these new hymns we are made aware of the great number of men and women who in the last generation have in moments of illumination beheld the high places of spiritual existence.

As we lay down the volume there comes over us a fresh realization of the truth stated with its opening quotation. "In the hymn book is the true key to the doctrine of the communion of saints; for here the saintly ones of all ages meet in their saintliest mood." The saintly mood is contagious. Hymns and scriptures, psalms and prayers at their best, catch the saintly mood by the miracle of inspired utterance and transmit it to all men who can read with "pure eyes and Christian hearts." This new book of services, of hymns and tunes for the "Church Universal," will do much to make the church what it was always meant to be, the vehicle of this divine contagion.

Richard Watson Gilder has put this supreme law of

spiritual and social psychology very beautifully into the words of the 436th hymn:

To thee, Eternal Soul, be praise!
Who, from of old to our days,
Through souls of saints and prophets, Lord,
Hast sent thy light, thy love, thy word.

We thank thee for each mighty one
Through whom thy living light hast shone;
And for each humble soul and sweet
That lights to heaven our wandering feet.

ALBERT R. VAIL.

New Words About the Negro

The increasing output of books on the race or color question may be taken as a sign of growing popular interest in the subject, and the sure, if slow, abatement of old fears and prejudices which hinder its fair discussion. Almost every publisher of repute has one or more such works on his list. "In Black and White," from the house of Fleming H. Revell, is written by Mrs. Lily Hardy Hammond, who contents herself on the title page with the simple initials, L. H. Mrs. Hammond has been for many years a social and missionary worker in the colored district of Nashville, Tenn. Though southern born her views on the disputatious subject of which she writes show no trace of sectional feeling. She calls her book in the sub-title, "An Interpretation of Southern Life," and her main contention is that the negro is an essential and ineradicable element in southern life and topography, he is the natural charge of that section in which he lived for generations as a slave and in which he now forms, to many minds, a threateningly large proportion of the native population. The negro is the special charge of the South as the immigrant is of the North. Without entering into the merits of this argument it is gratifying to note the friendly willingness and warm human faith with which Mrs. Hammond accepts the charge. The race problem in its purely abstract side has little interest for her. She is not afraid of any harmful results to white or black if the more advanced and fortunate party in the dispute will but accept his responsibility and do his duty. "The problem of the South today is how to find voices and hearings for her best thoughts and sentiments," says Mr. James H. Dillard, in his brief introduction. The subject is covered in eight chapters, most of the titles of which plainly convey the writer's view and the direction of her sympathies: In Terms of Humanity, Houses and Homes, An Ounce of Prevention, Service and Co-operation.

Mrs. Hammond writes out of a long experience which seems only to have sweetened and ennobled her general outlook. Her book is a personal narrative, a lesson in simple service and a helpful fellowship towards the particular social group standing nearest and needing it most.

The second book is written by John Daniels, a colored man and another prize orator from Harvard, who selected this subject, "In Freedom's Birthplace" (Boston), for his graduating thesis, and later expanded it to its present length in a volume of closely printed matter of 441 pages, with appendix, statistical tables and index covering fifty more. Mr. Robert A. Woods of South End House writes an introductory word. Mr. Daniels began his study of the topic while connected with this settlement, where he won a Harvard scholarship. He is now secretary of the Social Service Corporation, Baltimore.

Though the book is further entitled "A Study of the Boston Negroes," the facts disclosed and the conclusions based thereon are such as the history of any negro community would reveal. The writer begins with the early labors of the northern black man in this country, as "slave, patriot and freeman," followed by the story of a race's deliverance, its brief period of "equal rights and public favor." Then came the inevitable reaction, the long, slow process of "social reconstruction and ethical growth," which is still going on.

Mr. Daniels writes in an impersonal tone, basing his conclusions on such discovered facts as his special training has taught him how to gather and classify, seeking the approval of no class or set of readers, black or white. There is, he firmly believes, but one "solid foundation on which the negro, or any race, can build its safe future, and that is economic achievement." The two main causes of the negro's present standing are his own "backwardness or inferiority of development and the prevailing prejudice against him." Mr. Daniels does not scold or berate the whites, but he tells a plain tale of undeserved hardship, cruelty and wrong practiced against his people that reveals clearly on which side of the race line the chief misdoings and responsibility lie.

June 29, 1914. CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

The Book of the Secrets of Enoch

Lesson given by Mrs. E. H. Reed, Superintendent All Souls Sunday School

TEXT: *"He who reviles the countenance of man reviles the countenance of God."*

The Book of the Secrets of Enoch is perhaps the most interesting of the legendary classics of the Hebrew Apocryphal literature. This book was lost from 300 A. D. until 1892, when it was discovered in one of the Slavonic towns, either in Russia or Servia, where there are said to be three or four manuscripts today. It seems that several of these ancient books have been preserved in Russia.

W. R. Morfill, professor of Slavonic languages in one of the English universities, translated the book for Professor R. H. Charles, who edited and arranged it. For only abont twenty-five years has the biblical world known this book; but as it had been copied very extensively by ancient writers, its existence was known, although it had completely disappeared. Professor Charles puts the date of the work at from

30 B. C. to 70 A. D., written in Alexandria by an Hellenized Jew. It reflects strongly the Greek teaching, the speculation of Plato and other Greek writers. While written in Greek, fragments of a Hebrew original are discovered, probably current many centuries before the time of Alexandria and the schools.

We never forget the charm of the short verse in Genesis, "And Enoch walked with God and was not for God took him." This later book is very delightful, impressive and enjoyable. It is well put together and translated into excellent English. It should be accessible to all.

Enoch lying asleep on his bed one night, sees three wonderful men with feathered wings and light emanating from their persons, and he was much alarmed. They tell him that they have come to bear him on their wings to the seven circled Heaven with which Dante has made us familiar. In this the Oriental thought of Assyria and Babylonia, as well as the Hebrew conception, is seen. Enoch is taken through each of the heavens in succession and he gives beautiful descriptions of them. A remarkable thing to us, and to the early Christians, is that these heavens include Hell. But each heaven is pictured with a separate compartment where someone is receiving punishment, until the Seventh Heaven is reached, where God is. When Enoch reaches the Seventh Heaven his companions leave him, and he swoons with terror of the glory of the Supreme Being. God comforts him and tells him that he will tell him the secrets of the world, the secrets of nature. They enter into a very fine and carefully worked out astronomical system, quite up to the knowledge of the time. The sun makes its journey in 365¼ days, and of course the planets, the sun and the moon revolve about the earth according to the Ptolemaic system. After beholding all these manifestations of nature God gives him some wonderful ethical instruction,—how to treat his fellow men and how to conduct himself before God.

In this teaching no reference is made to the Messiah. There is here the doctrine of predestination. Even before a man's birth his place is already picked out for him in Heaven or in Hell, although the author gives to man a certain amount of free will. Immortality is here taught and eternal punishment; but as man became more ethical, the idea of war, punishment and sin in Heaven became more distasteful.

The book is known to the Mohammedans, and there is no doubt, in the opinion of Professor Charles, that Mohammed had a copy of this book, as much of it is copied in the Koran. Many parallel passages are found in the New Testament, and it was undoubtedly the common thought and property of the Jewish people at the time of Jesus.

It is interesting to note the hint as to the kind treatment of animals, who would appear in the judgment against man if he "fed them badly."

In Professor Charles' introduction the first section concerns itself with the "Life and Dreams of Enoch." The angels, which he calls men, take him to the first Heaven, and he sees "The Angels who guarded the Habitation of the Snow and Ice," and those who guard their terrible storm places. In the Second Heaven he is shown darkness and prisoners suspended, waiting the eternal judgment." In the Third Heaven there is the tree of life and "this tree cannot be described for its excellence and sweet odor." The angels show Enoch the "Righteous and the Place of Prayers."

In the Fourth Heaven he is shown the course of the sun and moon, and there are "Wonderful Creatures of the Sun."

In the Fifth Heaven he finds monsters with countenances withered and lips silent. There was no service here, and when he asked why they were melancholy he was told "They are Grigori, who with their Prince Satanail rejected the holy Lord."

In the Sixth Heaven bands of angels were superintending the good and evil conditions of the world.

In the Seventh Heaven the angels leave him. Enoch was afraid, but the Lord sent his archangel "And Gabriel hurried me away like a leaf carried off by the wind, and he took me and set me before the face of the Lord," and the Lord told him to be of good cheer and instructed Vretil to bring the books and interpret them to Enoch. And God spoke to Enoch face to face and told him the great secrets; how he created the sun, moon and stars, and how Satanail was hurled from the heights like Milton's Satan. How he created man made of seven substances:

> His flesh from the earth; his blood from the dew; his eyes from the sun; his bones from the stones; his thoughts from the swiftness of the angels and the clouds; his veins and hair from the grass of the earth; his spirit from My spirit and from the wind.

He follows also the creation of Eve, just as in Genesis, from the rib of a man. God speaks of the manifestations of nature, about Heaven, Hell, ethical and moral matters. Here are some beautiful beatitudes:

> Blessed is he who understands every work of the Lord.
> Blessed is he who has love upon his lips, and tenderness in his heart.

Enoch writes in 366 books all the knowledge that God gave him, and when the angels take him back to earth he gathers his friends together and tells them of the things he has heard.

This is one of the many attempts to realize Heaven, —the future life. The writer of the book Revelation sees the Heavens opened, and a white horse, with one sitting thereon called Faithful and True, and many strange things. We will be reminded of Dante's "Divine Comedy."

Our business in these lessons is to trace the beginning of the New Testament and to understand the thoughts current at the time of Jesus' birth, and in these books we see the doctrines afterwards incorporated in the New Testament, and the morality current not only in Palestine but in Alexandria, where Hebrew thought was diluted with Greek philosophy.

(1) What does this writer try to picture?
(2) What New Testament writer delineates the same subject?
(3) Give contents of each of the seven heavens as described by Enoch.

Rub the tub,
Scrub the tub,
When your bath is done.
Leave it white,
Shining bright,
Like the morning sun.
If you should be
The next, you see,
You'd be a lucky one.
Rub. Scrub. Rub.

—*Good Housekeeper.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

PROFESSOR LANGLEY AND THE NEWSPAPERS

Our newspapers are recording the successful flight of Langley's aeroplane, under the management of our practiced aviator, Curtiss. They are saying nice things about Professor Langley now, calling him the Father of American Aviation, and so on.

"If Lincoln Beachey really intends to "loop the loop" in the late Professor Langley's flying machine, public sentiment should stop it. This historic relic ought not to be subjected to any further dangers. Its practicability has been demonstrated, and that is enough. It should now be protected from sensational "stunts" for advertising purposes. It was the machine which began the conquest of the air; in centuries to come its historic value will be such that men will wonder how it could ever have been proposed to subject it to the danger of wreck. It takes rank with Fulton's steamboat and Stephenson's steam engine. It should be guarded reverently as the nation's, and should be vigilantly protected from notoriety seekers."

They are not saying, "We killed him. We, the press of the country, watched the beginnings of one of the world's great forward steps, failed utterly to see its promise, failed to encourage it, and not only thus negatively showed our failure as leaders of popular thought, but showed as conspicuously as our own headlines, our positive social injury. We deliberately set ourselves to ridicule and belittle the undertaking, siding, as we most profitably do, with the ignorant majority; opposing, as we most profitably do, the small uplifting vanguard of the world.

"Moreover, we not only thus derided and scorned the difficult first steps of a new art, but we set ourselves the pleasant task of pursuing this brave far-seeing man into the solitude he sought for his experiments. We sent our hired men—the literary spies and bravos of our licensed brigandage—with their impertinent cameras and practical pens, to give the widest possible "publicity" to everyone of those successive failures through which success is reached.

"We knew nothing of the scientific and mechanical labors and difficulties involved. We cared nothing for the perseverance, the industry, the large faith, of this world server. We made him the butt of our cheap wit, our shallow criticism, from one end of the country to the other."

Professor Langley died, his own friends said at the time, heartbroken, not by what he knew was a perfectly natural series of failures leading to success, but by this flood of public derision.

All this is a quite recent matter; it dates back only in a few years.

There are editors still holding the chairs from which they directed this campaign of ridicule. Doubtless there are still living some of those reporters who hid in the reeds to spy on that last effort, and make the world ring with laughter—the cheap coarse laughter of the ignorant. If a reporter can feel shame, surely these men should feel it. If an editor can doubt his license to check human progress surely these men should doubt it.

And if any single instance could serve to show our inert public how shamefully misused is "the freedom of the press" this instance should.

Law is called "crystallized public opinion."

The growth to power of the newspaper press is so rapid that we reel and strangle under it before having had time to form opinions. Our old ethics does not touch it; our morality was formed long before its time; our religion has no commandments for newspapers. Moreover, the peculiar horror of the thing is that the press now forms public opinion; it steadily handles and coerces the only thing that can check it.

In our outburst of revolt against the harsh tyranny of the old world, we demanded Freedom—and we were right. We need freedom now, need it more than ever, freedom from the subtlest, strongest tyranny the world has ever known.

Our sermon-harrowed souls; our book-worshipping minds, our whole long reverence for "the written word" and the general awe of an unlettered people for those who could write—all these have conspired to make us the helpless, grovelling things we are today under these Mental Masters of ours, these self-elected Soul Drivers, who tell us what we should think.

It is laughable to see men who long since revolted from believing what the priest told them, though he backed his words by all the authority of religion; now unresistingly believing what the Editor tells them—*on no authority at all.*

Because a man is rich enough to buy a newspaper; because other men are poor enough (poor not only in purse but in truth and honor) to write what he tells them to—is this any reason why we should believe it?

If Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Guggenheim or Mr. Morgan should hire a million men to come to your front door and tell you some abusive story about the Administration—would you believe it? Would you believe it even if you heard the same words being said all down the street, on every door-step by other emissaries? Yet because Mr. Hearst, or The Associated Press, is able to place what statements they please in a million newspapers at as many doors, and you *read* the words—you believe it!

There is no greater safeguard, no more beneficent force, no more valuable social function in action today, than the daily press when it does right. There is no greater danger, no more evil force, no more deadly social disease than the daily press when it does wrong.

And this one instance of the attitude of our press in ridiculing and hindering the development of aviation at its most difficult stage is as good a one as could be chosen to prove the conscienceless idle malice it practices in safety.

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

From the Forerunner.

MEDIATION

The United States ought not to allow itself to have any grievance against Mexico which it cannot settle by peaceable measures either directly or by mediation. There ought to be no troubles of any kind between the nations of North and South America which cannot be so settled. The success of the present Mediation Conference would confirm this principle. But it may do more. The real issue is not between the United States and Mexico. We have nothing but sympathy and good will for Mexico and sincere concern for her prosperity and progress. The real conflict is within Mexico. She needs to be unified and helped. If the Mediation Conference can do this it will have done a great service, however problematical the ultimate effect of the precedent may be, and it may then awaken us also to our long neglected duty. Years ago we should have taken such adequate, friendly measures to assist Mexico in her educational and religious life as would have saved her from the unhappy conditions under which she suffers today. Shall we be wise enough to give this help now?

ROBERT E. SPEER, D. D.,
Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church.
—From The Independent, June 22, 1914.

STILL THERE IS ROOM

In one of his series of letters entitled "Seeing America" in the *American Magazine*, Stannard Baker says:

"The state of Wisconsin has an area of 56,066 square miles with a population of only about 2,500,000. If it were populated, say, as thickly as Italy—and the average of the land is far better, less of mountain and waste land—it would have over 15,000,000 people; if as thickly as Denmark, over 10,000,000 people; if as thickly as Holland, some 25,000,000 people. Think of it! Thus Wisconsin, with its mere two and one-half millions, is still sparsely settled. Each farm, though fenced and cultivated, is still more or less a wilderness, a wilderness in the sense that with further industry, patience, courage, it will accommodate and support a vastly greater number of human lives and a richer and fuller civilization. Great as is the prosperity of these states of the Middle West, they are still in a pioneer stage; their greater development has only just begun. The country is not a quarter farmed, nor a quarter occupied."

OUR IMMIGRANTS

"What we get in the steerage is not the refuse but the sinew and bone of all the nations.

"I am never so clear as to the basis of my faith in America as when I have been talking with the ungroomed mothers of the East Side in New York.

"Voluntary emigration always calls for the highest combination of the physical and moral virtues. With every shipload of immigrants we get a fresh infusion of pioneer blood.

"Our brains, our wealth, our ambitions flow in channels dug by the hands of immigrants. Alien hands erect our offices, rivet our bridges, and pile up the proud masonry of our monuments."

—*Mary Antin.*

In the American Magazine.

During sermon time the other day a baby began to cry, and its mother carried it toward the door. "Stop," said the minister, "the baby's not disturbing me." The mother turned toward the pulpit, and made the audible remark: "Oh, 'e ain't, ain't 'e? But you're a disturbin' of 'im!"—*British Weekly.*

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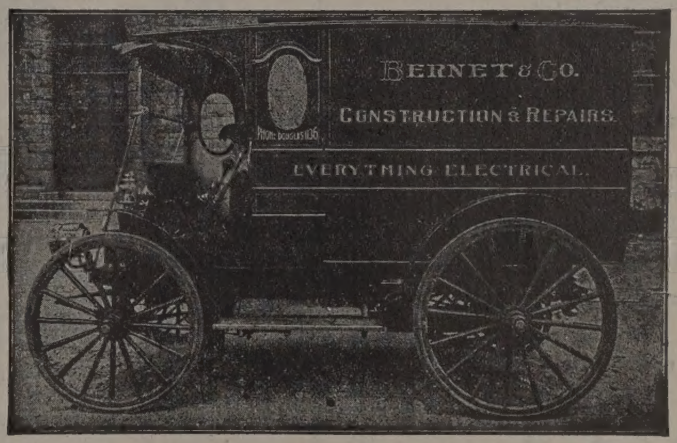

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